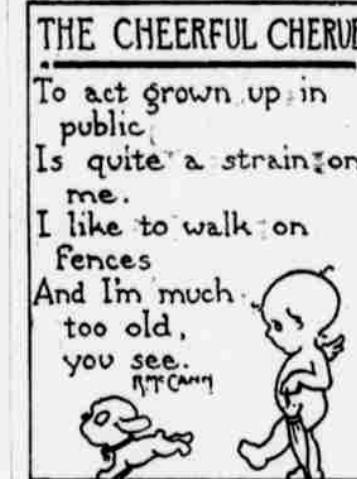
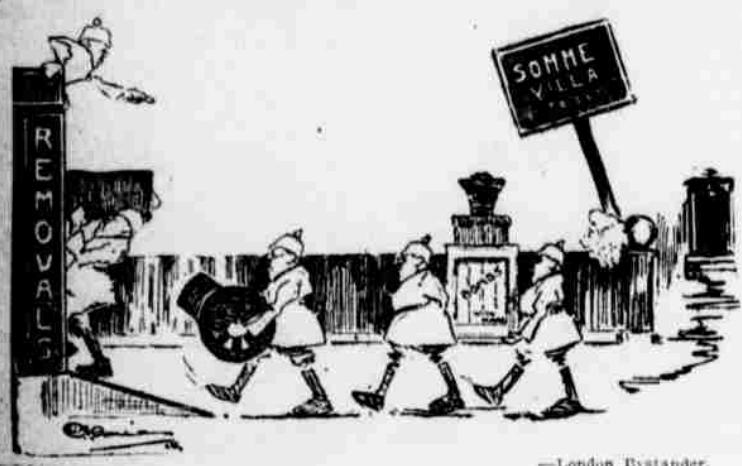




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WE'RE WAITING FOR "MOVING DAY" ON THE SOMME



—London Bystander.

THEY AIM TO BE, HOWEVER



—London Opinion.

Dear old Lady (to cavalry officer)—I suppose your men must become very attached to their horses.

Cavalry Officer—Well—some of them only wish they could!

War Economy

"What is the meaning of those dark marks on Professor Blinks's bald head?"

"Wartime economy, that's all. There is where his wife figures up the grocery bills."—Gargoyle.

His Message

"She—you don't even dress me decently. I'm going home to papa."

"He—All right. You might say to him also that I need a new suit myself."—Boston Transcript.

SCHOOL DAYS



Undressed in the dark



The young lady across the way says it will be a long time before this country gets back into its old, active, energetic ways, and even after the war is over she imagines people will exercise a little common sense and use their sugar and coal strictly ad libitum.

LIFE IN PHILADELPHIA JUST ONE SNOWSTORM AFTER ANOTHER



The lot of a pedestrian during a snowstorm in the city is both difficult and dangerous, for not only are there the perils under foot, but the ever-present menace of rushing vehicles, with sounds muffled by the snow.



One would think complexions were at stake by the way fair maidens are fortified with umbrellas.

At dusk yesterday the procession of commuters past Independence Hall on their way to the ferries took on considerable proportions. The frequency of the snowstorms has made this a familiar scene in the vicinity of Sixth and Chestnut streets.



The wintry outlook across Washington Square from a high vantage point on the west side of Seventh street.



And then there is the mortifying experience of a fall in full view of many passers-by.